

Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

Chapter Thirty-three: Bill Clinton and Hillary

Over the years Bill Clinton surfaced in higher level political circles. At one of Bob's parties Bill was all made up in a Statue of Liberty costume, decorated in red, white and blue, complete with blinking lights. He was holding a torch and he acted feminine. I had to have sex with him later on and it felt confusing to me because it was like having sex with a girl in a man's body. That was strange to me even under mind control, even compared with all the other strange and perverted experiences to which my controllers subjected me.

In 1992, before he was inaugurated, Kelly and I were prostituted to Bill Clinton in Klamath Falls, Oregon. On the ride to meet him, we were told, "Remember Chappaquiddick - that same type of accident could befall you."

When we met Clinton, he said, "Did you know that I am now your boss, and you will do exactly as I say. You are under my command." With a robotical tone of voice he told me to give him oral sex and to get down on the floor where I belonged. Then Kelly robotically sexually serviced him after which I gave him a message before we were let out of his room.

Later on, I delivered messages to Clinton from the Council, from Kauai, before he was President. I was delivered aboard a very large ship, put into a stateroom and told to stay on the bed and wait for him. I did. He slipped into the room without knocking and locked the door behind him. He said, smiling coyly, "I believe you have something for me?" He had sex with me, with my dress and his pants still on. It was a quickie and then I gave him the message. It required a simple answer that I was to deliver back to the Council. His answer was agreeable.

Bill liked to be sung to and have his forehead rubbed. He liked

to play mommy and baby baby Bill. He was often very strange.

When it came to Bill Clinton, Henry would stoop low. He even sent up bags of cocaine with me to use when I was with Bill or Hillary in order to get them off guard. Bill and Hillary both did the cocaine. I placed it on a small mirror for them and they had glass nose straws they snorted it through. Bill could do the whole little white pile with one snort. Hillary took two or three sniffs to get all of hers. Then we usually had sex.

When I said certain things, they thought I was a gift from Bob Hope, the entertainer. Bob and Henry's real relationship was kept quiet. The Clintons didn't seem to know that Henry and Bob were working so closely together, one getting me into the White House while the "Expert" Henry Kissinger delivered the goods in order to find ways to hang the Clintons. Henry said, "I want them so badly."

After I was through, two men in black uniforms with yellow-braided stripes on their shoulders came to get me and one stood on each side as they escorted me back to the helicopter that was on one end of the ship. It was a white helicopter. They put me in with the pilot and I was flown back to the small airport on Maui, near the Coconut Inn, where I was staying, as I worked on the writing of my first book, *Starshine*.

Before he was President, there was an occasion in a large hotel in Los Angeles. The Clintons were already heavily guarded with a whole group of Secret Service agents.

For my use as a sexual slave, I was trained to make love to married couples by always bringing the focus back to them. "Isn't your wife beautiful! Isn't your husband strong," or, whatever statements would

strengthen their bond and love for each other, if they were to be kept together. When I got through with couples they were totally enamoured with each other and hardly noticed when I dressed and left the room. I was used in this way with the Clintons. There was usually cocaine, often a gift from someone they knew, routed through me.

After the Clintons went to sleep I left. A man stepped toward me as I exited the room and escorted me down a red carpeted hall, to the elevator, and down to the lobby, as he held my elbow and lower forearm. At this point, another man took over, making a very smooth transition. I was pushed down into a waiting limo (I think it was a black Mercedes), as the man hurried and slammed the door. I was taken to the airport and the driver radioed ahead, and a man met us at the curb and hurried me onto my plane.

Now Clinton is President

Kelly had a school function or a friend's party at the Beverly Hilton. I hadn't seen her in awhile as she was living in California and I was living on Kauai, but I was brought in to help her with "The Prez," who was then newly-elected Bill Clinton. He had a group of girls and women there and that night he wanted only oral sex, along with chocolate and fruit slices. Afterwards, it was my job to redirect the girls back into their social function so there would be no mix-ups.

Sex slaves were used to sexually service both male and female members of the White House when our controllers called for it, and I was not to be exempt. Once when I was flown to the White House from Hawaii, Hillary played what she called "the tease game." She tied me up so she could be safe, she said. When she was through with me she looked at her gold watch, said she had to go, put on her dress and left. I put on my clothes and headed out to the waiting limo to Henry.

Henry always wanted to know exactly what Hillary's verbal

responses were to things I said to her and he listened very carefully²⁹² for speech patterning. They were trying to create a phrase of words that would stop her dead in her tracks when she went to court for the Whitewater incident. They had been planning this one even before Clinton took office. Henry knew and so did his people. They were trying to destabilize the government by ousting the President. Their plan was that "A cornerstone will fall, and further destabilize the American people. First Nixon, now Clinton, thus the people will lose faith in their leaders and the democratic way of life. So they will want to change it and will lean toward World Order." I knew in 1993, long before the Monica Lewinsky affair, that if Clinton was ousted, they had succeeded again in their plan and movement toward the New World Order.

The programs I had for the White House were pretty well-worn and grooved. Henry often rode with me in the limo to the White House if he hadn't had time to load me up beforehand. Sometimes, he wanted to sharpen me up or check my systems. He often went to have a cup of coffee or a cigar while I was doing the job. When I came out of the White House, flanked by Secret Service agents, I'd get into the limo and he would ask me to repeat verbatim what was said. I'd tell him exactly what they said and how they enunciated it. I could record not only what they said, but I could repeat it back just like they said it - tone, inflection, and all. And from that, Henry and his boys could run a voice print; then, using it, they developed a way to control people through their own language patterns. Henry put his cigar to his mouth before saying, "If you can get their patterns, you can control their minds." They put me close to the Clintons so they could obtain speech patterns, information about weaknesses they had and ammunition to get Clinton thrown out of office. They would stop at nothing in their effort to chip away at the Constitution and democracy.

Henry Kissinger hated Bill Clinton, but he especially hated Hillary. He wanted to publicly humiliate and disgrace her by showing that she had illegal investments and that she lied. Henry

said, "People (the public) will be manageable after this is exposed."²⁹³

Al Gore was easy for the Council because I believe he is a robot like me. Al Gore had me perform oral sex on him. He didn't do cocaine, though. He adamantly refused. Henry said, "He's a robot of choice."

I also had memories of experiences where I was at the White House with Hillary, Chelsea and a famous female vocalist, involved in a sex ritual.

My personal belief, based on my experiences, is that over the years, more leaders were under mind control. I believe it to be vitally important to dismantle the system that has created this, as well as gain aid for the victims, but not to further punish or humiliate the victims who are in need of professional help to heal. I know there has been corruption at the highest levels in the White House, and whether compromised through blackmail, lack of spiritual integrity, or mind control, I believe the Clintons are caught in a "Catch-22."

In a society where mind control is insidious, the whole of society is responsible in some way, whether through ignorance, denial, spiritual disintegration or greed. To the extent that some of us are not free, none of us are free. I believe it is God's perfect plan for those able persons to come to the aid of those who are in need.

In the center of the flame there
is a hollow place and nothing
can burn in this sheltered
space. For the fire builds a
wall, scientific fact claims,
and insures a safe area in the
midst of the flames. And in the
hurricane's fury there's a center
of peace where the winds of
destruction suddenly cease.
And this same truth prevails in life's tribulations;

there's an island of calm in the soul's meditations.

A place that is quiet where we're
shielded from harms secure in the
haven of a kind Father's arms,
where the hot flames of anger
have no power to sear and the
high winds of hatred and violence
and fear lose all the wrath and
their savage course

is softly subdued as faith weakens force.

So when the fires of life burn deep in your heart
and the winds of destruction
seem to tear you apart
remember God loves you and
wants to protect you. So seek
that small haven and be guided
by prayer
to that place of protection within God's loving Care.

-- Helen Steiner Rice

"Every word of God proves true; he is a shield to those who take
refuge in him."

-- Proverbs 30:5